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nature in man (which, with him, is identical with *beauty in man*) with the *nature of*, i. e., the characteristic of man, which is another category of *nature*—a generic one, relating to man's essential difference from other animals. His confusion is too plain when he asks, "how can that be the nature of man, in which no two individuals are the same?" Thus, then, we have two categories of beauty, and two categories of nature, all mixed up together, and conclusions deduced promiscuously. Strange that the three important doctrines of "selecting from nature," "composition," and "Focus,"—not to mention the error in perspective—should all be founded on a like fallacy—the confounding, or forgetting of the very definition!

Is it policy in me, an artist, to talk thus even to my own limited acquaintance? Will it not degrade Art too much? But how can it, if it be truth, and Art be truth? Besides, it is a shame that a strong man, honest and courageous, who won't run away from a cannon, shall stand trembling before a picture, guardedly worming out a critic's opinion before he can venture his own! No! the sooner we are to trust to our eyes, heads, and hearts, the better for all—so here goes!

May 20th.—Thursday.—Went to the R. A. Exhibition this morning, melancholy that so much bad should be with so much good. Returning home took my last sitting for Dr. —'s medallion, and finished it. Likeness confessed. Cast to-morrow. Here is a subject of intensest human interest. Why should it not be high Art? Why should it not be historical? Xenophon's *Cyropædia* was that—a portrait of his own time—historical? then this is, in spite of the Schools. The rude mould, wherein this head, and these features are cast, is the history of this man's progenitors; aye, and of his parents' parents, for some generations back. The short and broad nose he might not change, nor the bullet-shape of the head, but his brain has made this a capacious skull, and the delicate analysis of odors, roused by no brutal instinct, but guided by scientific search, has made that the nose of a man. The great bridge and broad proportions might indicate, to casual observers, the sign of a low nature, but all that is changeable, and free, has been tempered by a most human usage. Its nostrils have not been inflated with anger, nor often lifted by scorn: yet all this movable portion of the nose, by a little rounding of the lines, might be the nose of a glutton at rest. The mouth is also large and gross; but this only in proportions, and, as it were, by congenital law; for the large lips are governed, tacked up, and moulded as if in defiance of bulk: a tight line girdles the whole margin of the upper—the lower is suspended but in mental suspense. How little would make this an atrocious mouth. The eye, then, in profile only, can one mistake this? Such depth of socket, and quietness of brow! Its orbicular muscle will not close up this eye, even when a day's work has tired the man: he closes his eye when he pleases: it dares not close itself. How many administrations of what a great monarch are inscribed on this half of a forehead. What

histories on histories of slow, gradual conquest—what a cosmos with infinite epochs—what a grander history than the written one of the world!

Now shall I, if God gives me time to read this tablet, though only a part here and there,—shall I give up that task, and take up another, to read a vain story of my own inditing? And shall I, if He gives me eyes and hands to copy it, though only a part here and there, copy that part falsely, and not with a good faith? Why I could swear now in scorn of the world, and of time, and the fashions of men, never to forsake this task (if I have strength), to dream up poor figments the world calls original,—mere diagrams—Egyptian symbols of men. To be dedicate to this unostentatious service, thought vile and of no repute, were some reward meantime. To copy—merely copy what these *inventors* cannot see, were some conscientious applause; something to live on while dolls are a-praising—a compensation for wind!

But to think that these *inventors* take their diagrams and symbols, because they are impotently dumb, and set them out on canvas, like men, to tell a story, whilst my poor realities may not be thus dignified, though speaking an intelligible tongue!

Well, this might be borne, too, for the sake of the ludicrous? but if ever these *realities* should get into *pictures*, I think the diagrams will terminate.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.

From the German of Count Platen.

NIGHTLY murmur on Busento, near Cosenza, hollow dirges,
And a low, mysterious wailing, answers from his moaning surges.

Stalwart Goths, majestic shadows, up and down their grief go
pouring,
Alaric, the best and bravest of their nation's dead, deploring.

Far from home, untimely falling, here he claimed their last sad
duty,
While the locks around his shoulders floated down in youthful
beauty.

Now, beside Busento, wielding strong arms red with Roman
slaughter,
To a fresh-dug grave they boldly turned aside the rushing water.

In the bare and waveless channel, for his rest a grave they
hollowed,
And the dead man, armed and mounted, sinking slow, their
sad eyes followed.

Then with earth they covered over him and his proud treasure,
dreaming
How the river-plants, like pennons, over his grave should soon
be streaming.

From its course once more diverted, back they led the mighty
current;
To his ancient bed Busento thundered in, a foaming torrent.

And it rang in manly chorus: "Hero rest in Glory's keeping!
No base Roman's greed shall ever harin the spot where thou
art sleeping!"

And the Gothic host deep thrilling swelled the song with
wild devotion;
Let thy wave, Busento, roll it onward to the farthest ocean!

C. T. B.